

The MADSE of PARADISE

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "Cardigan" "The Conspirators" "Maid-at-Arms" etc

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS
COPYRIGHT BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS COPYRIGHT BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

PART ONE. CHAPTER I.

On the third day of August, 1870, I left Paris in search of John Buckhurst. On the 4th of August I lost all traces of Mr. Buckhurst near the frontier, in the village of Morbion. On August 5th, about eight o'clock in the morning, the military telegraph instrument in the operator's room over the temporary barracks of the Third Hussars clicked out the call for urgency, not the usual military signal, but a secret sequence understood only by certain officers of the Imperial Military Police. The operator on duty therefore stepped into my room and waited while I took his place at the wire.

"Who is this?" came over the wire in the secret code, and I answered at once, "Inspector of Foreign Division, Imperial Military Police, on duty at Morbion, Alsace."

After considerable delay the next message arrived in the Morse code: "Is that you, Scarlett?"

"And I replied: 'Yes. Who are you? Why do you not use the code? Repeat the code signal and your number.'"

The signal was repeated, then came the message: "This is the Tulleries. You have my authority to use the Morse code for the sake of brevity. Do you understand? I am Jaras. The Empress is here." Instantly reassured by the message from Colonel Jaras, head of the bureau to which I was attached, I answered that I understood. Then the telegrams began to fly, all in the Morse code:

"Jaras—Have you caught Buckhurst?"

"I—No."

"Jaras—How did he get away?"

"I—There's confusion enough on the frontier to cover the escape of a hundred thieves."

There was a long pause; I lighted a cigar and waited. After a while the instrument began again.

"Jaras—The Empress desires to know where the chateau called La Trappe is."

"I—La Trappe is about four kilometers from Morbion, near the hamlet of Troie-Fouilles."

"Jaras—It is understood that Mademoiselle de Vassart, group of socialists, is about to leave La Trappe for Paris, in Morbion. It is possible that Buckhurst has taken refuge among them. Therefore you will proceed to La Trappe. Do you understand?"

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

"I—Perfectly."

"Jaras—If Buckhurst is found you will bring him to Paris at once. Shoot him if he resists arrest. If the community at La Trappe has not been warned of a possible visit from us."

peated the signal, opened my code-book, and began to translate the instructions into cipher for safety's sake.

Where the Vosges mountains towered in obscurity a curtain of rain joined earth and sky. The rivers ran yellow, foaming at the folds. Some- where in that spectral forest Prussian cavalry were hidden, waiting the heights where our drenched divisions lay. Behind that forest a German army was massing, fresh from the combat in the north, where the tragedy of Wissembourg had been enacted only the day before, in the presence of the French army; the awful spectacle of a single division of seven thousand men suddenly enveloped and crushed by seventy thousand Germans.

The rain fell steadily but less heavily. I changed my civilian clothes for a military uniform, sent a troop to find me a horse, and sat down by the window to stare at the downpour and think how best I might carry out my instructions to a successful finish.

The colony at La Trappe was, as far as I could judge, a product of conditions which had, a hundred years before, culminated in the French Revolution. Now, in 1870, under different circumstances, all France was once more disintegrating socially. Opposition to the Empire, to the dynasty, to the government, had been seeking for years; now the separate crystals which formed on the edges of the boiling un- dercurrents began to grow into masses which, adhering to other masses, inter- fered with the healthy functions of the national life. First among these came the International Society of Working- men, with all its affiliations—the "In- ternationale," as it was called. In its wake trailed minor societies, some mild and harmless, some dangerous and almost some violent, advocating openly the destruction of all existing conditions.

With one exception, all those whom the police and the government regard- ed as inclined to violence left the group. There remained, with this one exception, a nucleus of earnest, thoughtful people whose creed was in part the creed of the Internationale, the creed of universal brotherhood, equality before the law, purity of in- dividual living as an example and an incentive to a national purity.

To this inoffensive group came one day a young widow, the Countess de Vassart, placing at their disposal her great wealth, asking only to be re- ceived among them as a comrade.

Her history, as known to the police, was peculiar and rather sad; at sixteen she had been betrothed to an el- derly, bull-necked colonel of cavalry, the notorious Count de Vassart, who needed what money she might bring him to maintain his reputation as the most brilliantly dissolute old rake in Paris.

Her dossier—for, alas! the young girl already had a dossier—was interest- ing, particularly in its summing up of her personal life.

"To the naive ignorance of a con- ventional pensionnaire, she adds an in- nocence of mind, a purity of conduct, and a credulity which render her an easy prey to the adroit, who play upon her sympathies. She is dangerous only as a source of revenue for dangerous men."

It was from her salon that young Victor Noir went to his death at Autouil on the 19th of January; and possibly the shock of the murder and the almost universal conviction that justice under the Empire was hope- less drove the young Countess to seek a refuge in the country where, at her house at La Trappe, she could quietly devote her life to helping the desper- ately wretched, and where she could in security, hold counsel with those who had chosen to give their lives to the noblest of all works—charity and the propaganda of universal brother- hood.

And here, at La Trappe, the young aristocrat first donned the robe of democracy, dedicated her life and for- tune to the cause, and worked with her own delicate hands, for every morsel of bread that passed her lips, she knew the cost.

For the simple life at La Trappe, the negative protest against the Em- pire and all existing social conditions, the purity of motive, the serene and inspired self-abnegation, could not share the colony at La Trappe nor the young chateau from the claws of those who prey upon the innocence of the generous.

And so came to this ideal commu- nity one John Buckhurst, a stranger,

quiet, suave, deadly pale, a finely molded man, with delicately fashioned hands and feet, and two eyes so color- less that in some lights they appeared to be almost sightless.

In a month from that time he was the power that moved that community even in its most insignificant machin- ery. With marvelous skill he con- structed out of that simple republic of protestants an absolute despotism. And he was the despot.

An intimation from the Tulleries in- terrupted a meeting of the council at the house in Paradise; an arrest was decreed by the Emperor's order; the in- dignant young Countess was requested to retire to her chateau at La Trappe. She obeyed, but invited her guests to accompany her. Among those who accepted was Buckhurst.

At this time the government decreed to take a serious interest in John Buckhurst. On the secret staff of the Imperial Military Police were always certain foreigners—among others, my- self and a young man named James Speed; and Colonel Jaras had already decided to employ us in watching Buck- hurst, when war came on France like a bolt from the blue, giving the men of the Secret Service all they could at- tend to.

There is no reason why it should not be generally known that the crown jewels of France were menaced from the very first by a conspiracy so alarm- ing and apparently so irrefragable that the Emperor himself believed, even in the beginning of the fatal campaign, that it might be necessary to send the crown jewels of France to the Bank of England for safety.

On the 19th of July, the day that war was declared, certain of the crown jewels, kept temporarily at the palace of the Tulleries, were sent under heavy guard to the Bank of France. Every precaution was taken; yet the great diamond crucifix of Louis XI, was missing when the guard under Captain Siebert turned over the treasures to the governor of the Bank of France.

Instantly absolute secrecy was or- dered, so that the circumstances be- came public property, but from one end of France to the other the gen- darmes, the police, local, municipal, and secret, were stirred up to activity.

Within forty-eight hours, an indi- vidual answering Buckhurst's descrip- tion had sold a single enormous dia- mond for two hundred and fifty thou- sand francs to a dealer in Strasbourg, a Jew named Fischel Cohen. An hour after he had recorded the transaction at the Strasbourg Bourse, his arrest was made, and the diamond was on their way to Paris, in charge of a detective. A few hours later the stone was identified at the Tulleries as having been taken from the famous crucifix of Louis XI.

From Fischel Cohen's agonized de- scription of the man who had sold him the diamond, Colonel Jaras believed he recognized John Buckhurst. But how on earth Buckhurst had obtained access to the jewels, or how he had managed to spirit away the cross from the very center of the Tulleries, could only be explained through the theory of accomplices among the trusted in- mates of the Imperial entourage. And if there existed such a conspiracy, who was involved?

My chase after Buckhurst began as soon as Colonel Jaras could summon me; and as Buckhurst had last been heard of in Strasbourg, I went after him on a train loaded with red-legged, uproarious soldiers.

I tracked Buckhurst to Morbion, where he lost all traces of him; and here I was with my orders concerning the unfortunate people at La Trappe, starting out at the dismal weather and wondering where my wild-goose chase would end.

Half an hour later I rode out of Morbion, clad in the uniform of the Third Hussars, a disguise supposed to convey the idea to those at La Trappe that the army and not the police were responsible for their expulsion.

The night, far-bordered wood road attracted me; I reasoned that, lead- ing by a short cut, across the hills to the military highway which passed between Troie-Fouilles and La Trappe. So I took it, and presently came into four crooked roads branching to me.

The stony carrefour was occupied by a flock of turkeys, busily engaged in catching grasshoppers; their keeper, a prettily shaped peasant girl, looked up at me as I drew bridle, then quietly turned the book she had been read- ing.

"My child," said I, "will you kindly direct me, with appropriate gestures, to the military highway which passes the Chateau de La Trappe?"

CHAPTER II.

The Government Interferes.

"There is a short cut across that meadow," said the young girl, raising a rounded, sun-baked arm, bare to the shoulder. "And after that you will come to a thicket of white birches."

"Thank you, mademoiselle."

"And after that," said I, idly fol- lowing with her blue eyes the contour of her own lovely arm, "you must turn to the left, and there you will cross a hill. You can see it from where we stand."

A deadened report shook the sum- mer air—the sound of a cannon fired very far away, perhaps on the clif- face of the Vosges. With a turning of my head I said: "It is difficult to be- lieve that there is war anywhere in the world—is it not, mademoiselle?"

"Not if one knows the world," she said, indifferently.

"Do you know my child?"

"Sufficiently," she said.

She had opened again the book which she had been reading when I first noticed her. From my saddle I saw that it was Moliere.

"Why do you tend turkeys?" I asked.

"Because it pleases me," she re- plied, raising her eyebrows in faint displeasure.

"For that same reason you read Moliere?" I suggested.

"Doubtless, monsieur."

"Are you yet prepared to be an Alsatian turkey tender?"

"Parbleu! There are my turkeys, monsieur."

"Perhaps," said I, "but I have asked you a question, the answer to which I expect you to give me."

"Oh, a mere nobody in such learned company," she said, shaking her head with a mock humility that annoyed me intensely.

"Very well," said I, conscious every moment of her pleasure in my dis- regard, so that the moment I asked her to go, she would have been gone.

"I am going to ask you to accept my escort to La Trappe; for I think you are Mademoiselle Elven, recently of the Odeon theater."

"Do you ride through the world pressing every peasant girl you meet with such ar- dent entreaties? Truly, your fashion of wooing is not slow, but everybody knows that hussars are headlong gen- tlemen—Nothing is sacred from a hussar," she hummed, deliberately, in a parody which made me writhe in my saddle.

"Mademoiselle," said I, taking off my top hat, "your ridicule is not the most disagreeable incident that I expect to meet with today. I am at- tempting to do my duty, and I must ask you to do yours."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then," said I, amiably, "I shall be obliged to set you on my horse. And I dismounted and went toward her.

"Who are you?" she asked, very seri- ously, "Monsieur, would you dare use violence toward me?"

"Oh, I shall not be very violent," I replied, laughing. I held the opened watch in my hand so that she could see the dial if she chose.

"It is one o'clock," I said, closing the hunting-case with a snap.

She looked me steadily in the eyes.

"Will you come with me to La Trappe?"

"She did not stir.

I stepped toward her; she gave me a breathless, defiant stare; then in an instant I caught her up and swung her high into my saddle, before either she or I knew exactly what had hap- pened.

She was clever enough not to try to dismount, woman enough not to make an awkward struggle or do any- thing ungraceful. In silence, I led the horse forward through the open gate into the meadow.

As for my turkey, she sat stiffly in the saddle, with a firmness and de- termination that proved her to be a stranger to horses. I scarcely dared look at her, for she feared me as I feared her.

We went on. The spectacle of a cavalryman in full uniform leading a cavalier horse on which was seated an Alsatian girl in bright peasant costume appeared to astonish the few people we passed.

We met a dozen people in all, I think, some of them peasants, one or two of the better class—a country doctor and a notary among them.

"Perhaps one of the reasons that the Albatians have never really sub- mitted to the Turks lies in a funda- mental incompatibility between the Albanian and Turkish character," says a returned traveler from the Balkans. "The Turks are melancholy, even happy. The Albanians desire for happiness. The story is told of some Albanian soldiers who saw a performance of Karaguz, in which a love story was acted, but without any do minion and demerit of the flesh. The Albanians wouldn't have it for a minute. They flourished their revolvers and yelled: 'Make them happy! Make them happy!' And happy had to be made before peace could reign along Pat."

"Go 'way from me, now," said Pat genially, "me head's burstin' wid bust- ness. It takes two old pinels a day to do me wurrd."—Everybody's Maga- zine.

Overwhelmed With Work.

Along in the '60s Pat Casey pushed a wheelbarrow across the plains from St. Joseph, Mo., to Georgetown, Colo., sixty-seven prominent steamboat commanders and butler and owner of several Pittsburgh and Cincinnati packets, died suddenly at his home here. Capt Maddy last commanded the steamer Queen City.

Dies as He Predicted.

Steuenville.—Albert Skinner, aged forty-one, was killed at Stratton's mines by a fall of coal. He had pre- dicted his early death by accident on New Year's.

Man Found Dead in Bed.

Marysville.—Frank Michaels, aged fifty, residing near Catawba Sta- tion, was found dead in bed in the morning. He was feeling as well as usual when he retired for the night. Heart disease was given as the cause of death.

Train Kills Engineer.

Toledo.—Herman Ratter, nig- engineer of the Lake Shore round- house, was struck by a Lake Shore passenger train and was instantly killed while on his way to work.

Lucky Recovery of Rings.

The wife of a British army officer in India placed a number of valuable rings on a stand in her bedroom in their bungalow. They were missed shortly after a great snake was seen gliding away to the near-by jungle. Servants went on a snake hunt, and after killing seven serpents were for- tunate enough to get the one that had swallowed the rings.

Two hands of an opposite nature placed in front of the apparatus en- tirely stop the motion, but with two hands of the same nature it is ac- celerated.

As to the possibilities of the inven- tion, M. de Kerol said: "If you have an instrument which is capable of be- ing propelled at the rate of 30 or 40 turns a minute quite automatically by the force of the water, it will be achieved by applying the magnetism of a hundred or of a thousand men to persons are ill, or even below par, the motion of the body will be irregular and abnormal.

"All healthy bodies project regular currents of nerve force; unhealthy bodies absorb. That is why you hear of sick or elderly people who have not sufficient vital force to maintain the normal amount of physical strength absorbing human magnetism from younger and healthier persons.

Various experiments have been made with the instrument to show how variously it is affected

"Why do all the people I meet carry bundles?" I demanded of the notary. "Mon Dieu, monsieur, they are too near the frontier to take risks," he replied.

"You mean to say they are running away from their village of Troie-Fouilles?" I asked.

"Exactly," he said. "War is a rude guest for poor folk."

And so I left him also staring after us, and I had half a mind to go back and examine his portfolio to see what a snipe-faced notary might be carry- ing about with him.

The lazy road-side butterflies flew up in clouds before the slow-stepping horse; the hill rabbits, rising to their hind-quarters, wrinkled their whisk- ered noses at us; from every thicket speckled hedge-birds peered at us as we went on.

At length, as we reached the sum- mit of the sandy hill, "There is La Trappe, monsieur," said my turkey- girl, and once more stretched out her lovely arm.

There was no porter at the gate to welcome me or to warn me back; the wet road lay straight in front, barred only by sunbeams.

"May we enter?" I asked, politely.

She did not answer, and I led my horse down that silent avenue of stones towards the terrace and the glassy pool which mirrored the steps of stone.

"And here we dismount," said I, and offered my hand to my companion.

She laid her hands on my shoulders; I swung her to the ground, where her sabots clicked and her silver neck- chains jingled in the silence.

"Is that house empty?" I asked, turning abruptly to my companion.

"The Countess de Vassart will give you your answer," she replied.

"Kindly announce me, then," I said, grimly, and together we mounted the

Surrender After Argument.

Canton.—After Frank Lynn, aged fifty-five, had shot at his daughter, Agnes, and Patrolman James Hex- mer at his home here, he took refuge in the house and held 10 policemen at bay. Patrolman James Herdlicka finally got into the house and Lynn turned his revolver upon him. Herd- licka argued with Lynn across a table as he looked down the barrel of the man's revolver. His argument won and Lynn gave himself up.

Prison Editor Wants Liberty.

Cincinnati.—Elliott Burns, who nearly three years ago killed Em- erson, is now in the penitentiary, is serving a life sentence, is seeking a commutation of sentence. Burns, who is editor of the Penitentiary News, points out Judge Cushing's ruling in a recent murder trial, that the question of the man's mental state at the time of the crime is to be considered."

Test School Board Law.

Columbus.—Quo warranto pro- ceedings were filed in the supreme court by the new school board of Cin- cinnati to test the validity of the Jung small school board law.

Wound Kills U. S. Soldier.

Cincinnati.—First Sergt. Charles B. Cannon, thirty-five, of Company A, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Thomas, Ky., died in the post hos- pital from a bullet wound in the head, apparently self-inflicted. He did not regain consciousness sufficiently to as- sign a reason. An automatic pistol was found near him.

Hot Metal Kills Man.

Youngstown.—Three men were burned fatally in an explosion at the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co.'s plant. Dan Bolch died of his injuries and Thomas Morris and George En- dress are in the city hospital in a dying condition. The men were pouring from into a mold when a ton of metal blew over, sending a shower of fiery fluid over them.

Killed During Friendly Scuffle.

Dayton.—Miss Mabel "Maud" six- teen of Lebanon, Warren county, was shot and almost instantly killed by her brother, Ernest, 18, while they were playfully struggling for posses- sion of a revolver, one chamber of which contained a cartridge. The boy called a physician after making a bur- ied examination of the wound, but the girl died from internal bleeding be- fore help arrived. Young Timney is prostrated and has not been taken into custody.

Sent to Pen Second Time.

Akron.—Charles Ross, an Ital- ian saloonkeeper, was sentenced for the second time to five years in the penitentiary for manslaughter, after killing Harry Hanna with a club last January.

Boy Rescued With Neckties.

Brinkhaven.—Carlos Parson, aged sixteen, was saved from drowning after he broke through the ice while skating. Companions rescued him with a rope they made of their neck- ties.

Ship Owner Passes Away.

Gallipolis.—Captain Edwin F. Mad- dy, sixty-seven, prominent steamboat commander and builder and owner of several Pittsburgh and Cincinnati packets, died suddenly at his home here. Capt Maddy last commanded the steamer Queen City.

Dies as He Predicted.

Steuenville.—Albert Skinner, aged forty-one, was killed at Stratton's mines by a fall of coal. He had pre- dicted his early death by accident on New Year's.

Man Found Dead in Bed.

Marysville.—Frank Michaels, aged fifty, residing near Catawba Sta- tion, was found dead in bed in the morning. He was feeling as well as usual when he retired for the night. Heart disease was given as the cause of death.

Train Kills Engineer.